King. Well, let it strike.
Buc. Why let it strike?
King. Because that like a Iacke thou keepst the stroke,
Betwixt thy begging, and my meditation:
I am not in the giuing vaine to day.
Buc. Why then resolue me whether you will or no?
Kin. Tut, tut, thou troublest me, I am not in the vaine. *Ex.*
Buc. Is it euen so, rewards he my true seruice
With such deepe contempt, made I him King for this?
O let me thinke on *Hastings*, and be gone
To *Brecknocke*, while my fearefull head is on.

Enter Sir Francis Tirrell.

Tir. The tyranous and bloody deed is done,
The most arch act of pitious massacre,
That euer yet this land was guilty of,
Dighton and *Forrest* whom I did subborne,
To doe this ruthfull piece of butchery,
Although they were flesht villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tendernesse and compassion,
wept like two children in their deaths sad stories:
Lo thus quoth *Dighton* lay these tender babes,
Thus, thus, quoth *Forrest* girding one another
Within their innocent alabaster armes,
Their lips like foure red Roses on a stalke,
When in there summer beauty kist each other,
A booke of prayer on their pillow lay,
Which once quoth *Forrest* almost changd my mind,
But O the diuell! there the villaine stopt,
Whilst *Dighton* thus told, one we smothered,
The most replenisht sweet worke of nature
That from the prime Creation euer he framd,
They could not speake, and so I left them both,
To bring these tidings to the bloody King,

Enter King Richard.

And here he comes. All haile my soueraigne Liege.
King. Kind *Tirrel*, and I happy in thy news?
Tir. If to haue done the thing you gaue in charge
Beget your happynesse, be happy then,
For it is done my Lord.

King.

King. But didst thou see the
Tir. I did my Lord.
King. And buried gentle T
Tir. The Chaplaine of the
But how or in what place I c
King. Come to me *Tirrell*
And thou shalt tell the proce
Meane time but thinke how I
And be inheritor of thy desir
Farewell till soone.
The sonne of *Clarence* haue I p
His daughter meanely haue I
The sons of *Edward* sleepe in
And *Anne* my wife hath bid t
Now for I know the Brittain
At young *Elizabeth*, my brot
And by that knot lookes pro
To her I goe A iolly thriuing
Cat. My Lord.
King. Good news, or bad, th
Cat. Bad news my Lord, *Ely*
And *Buckingham* backt with t
Is in the field, and still his po
King. *Elie* with *Richmond* tr
Then *Buckingham* and his ra
Come I haue heard that fear
Is leaden seruitor to dull dela
Delay leads impotent and sn
Then fiery expedition be my
Ioue, *Mercury*, and Herald fo
Come muster men, my counsa
We must be briefe, when tray

Enter Queene M

Q. Mar. So now prosperi
And drop into the rotten mo
Here in these confines slily h
To watch the waining of mine
A dire induction am I witnes
And will to *France*, hoping t

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22321) LONDON, 1634 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 37